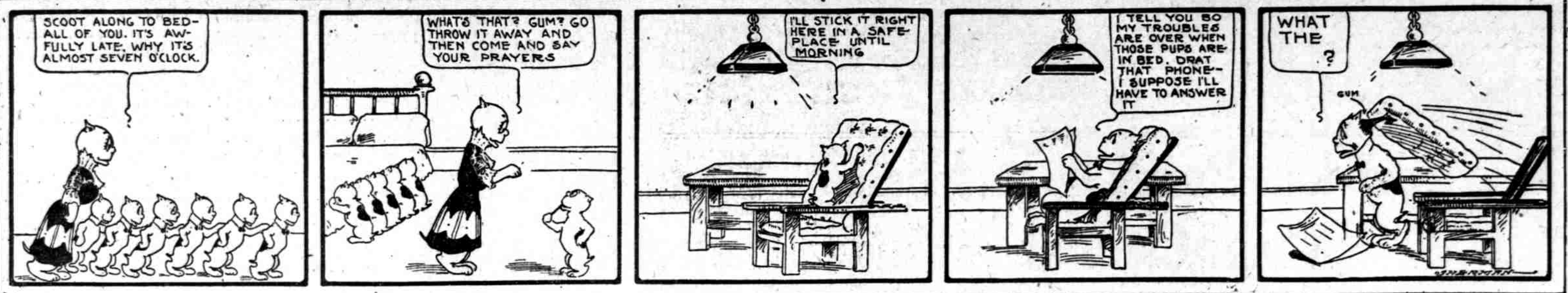


Pete's All Gummed Up About This

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



MAMIE TELLS BELLE

Some Germs Are Good
Fellows, and Nowadays

IT'S HARD TO BE IGNORANT

SOME persons just simply can't escape an education in this country, Belle, so there's no use trying. After baggin' school for ten years and dodgin' all the literature that ain't guaranteed to die of loneliness in six months, you're just beginnin' to congratulate yourself on bein' a sure 'nough ignoramus, when you find yourself surrounded by public lectures.

The spirit of spring or somepin' started workin' in Bill and me last night, and both of us got to feelin' that even a little knowledge would come in handy. So we joined the mourners and took in the weekly public lecture at the library.

They're unsociable sort o' gatherin's, Belle, there's no gettin' round that; but as long as you've got the chance to digest the most solid kind of information at the rate of about a ton a minute, it's a mean sort of person that'll kick about the company.

Just a Few Gleanings

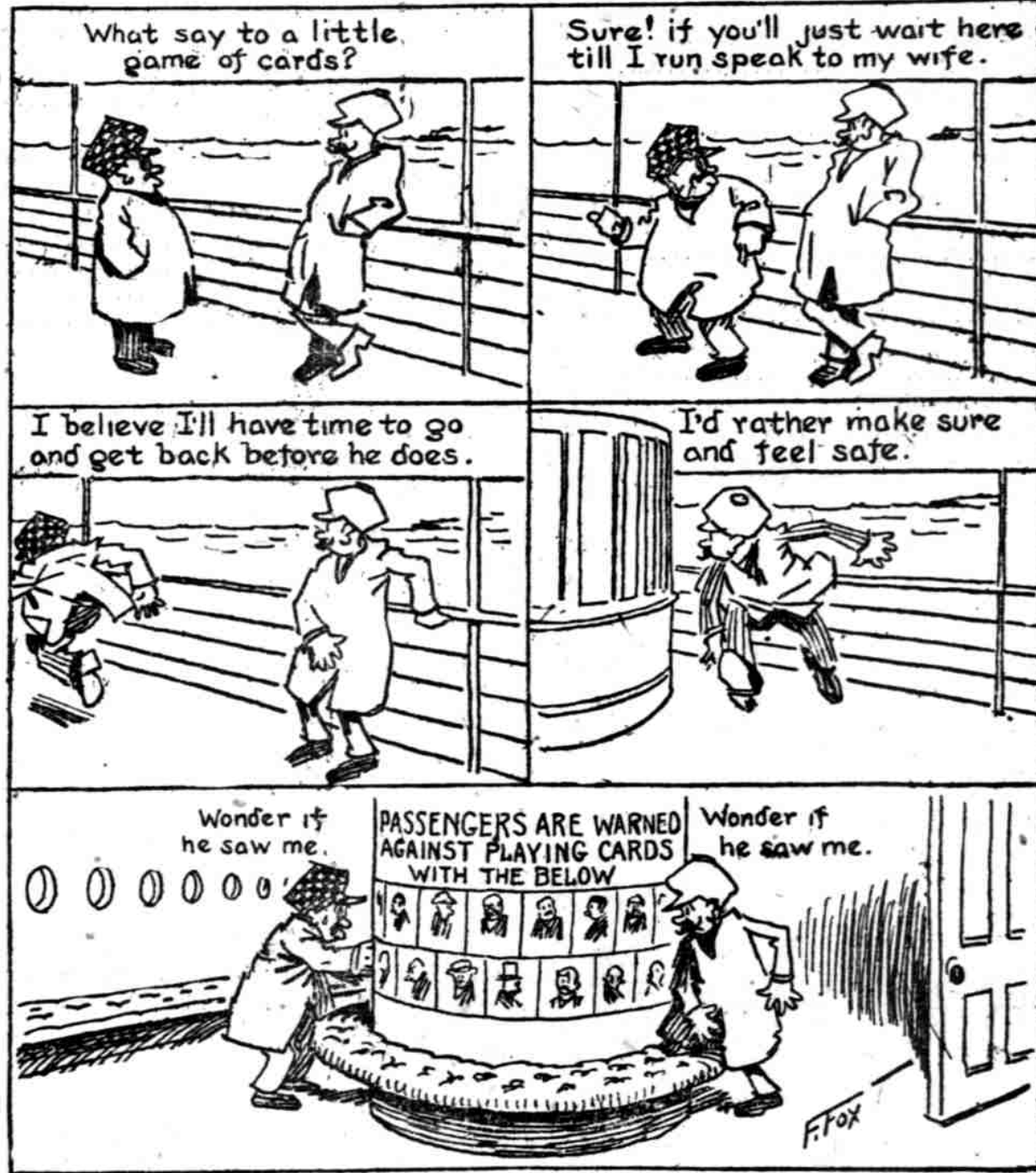
Maybe you didn't know it before, Belle, but you can get seventy-two billion little red-headed germs on a ten-cent piece without any of the little fellows tumblin' off. I forget just what the gen'ral result will be if they got a notion to start a summer resort on the banks of your alimentary canal, but the point is nobody'd ever suspect the little things was so small.

We hadn't hardly got the seventy-two billion into our systems when the professor in the boiled shirt and accompaniments, seemin' to be half scared to death at the extent of his own knowledge, almost knocked us off our seats by tellin' us that this red-headed germ has a little cousin that's got it beat a mile as far as insignificance is concerned. I forget how many billion billion of these little cousins you could get on a pin point providin' you had the time and the patience, but honest, Belle, it was enough to take your breath away, not to speak of your appetite. Just think, Belle, if the professor'd ever sit on that pin!

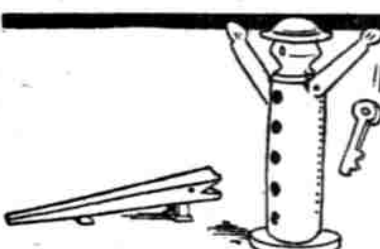
Why, if it wasn't for these public lectures, thousands of unfortunates would have to pass their miserable lives knowin' nothing of the millions of billions of little germs they could 'a' been makin' happy all these years they didn't even know they'd been carryin' 'em around as boarders. And you've no idea, Belle, what good fellows some of these germs are. They'd do anything in the world for you, accordin' to the professor, so it's the best plan to be nice to all of 'em, for fear you'll be insultin' a friend.

Take a few of 'em in, Belle—the public lectures, I mean.

The Ocean Liners Have Installed Rogues' Galleries to Protect Passengers From Card Sharps



WHEN NOAH WAS A BOY



SCENE—ANY OFFICE TIME—ANY NOON

Miss Remington passes up the keys. And chats with all the bunch. The door boy reads of Spanish seas. The boss—he's out to lunch.

MADE AN IMPRESSION

"How far along are you in geography?"
"To page 42."
"No, I mean what subject are you studying?"
"Geography, I think. I'll ask the teacher and be sure."

OUR DEVIL WONDERS



Whether the "six best sellers" are so named because there is never any water in them. Judging from the authors' familiarity with the back page of the menu, they may be wine "sellers." But in these days of steam heat it's probably because they are so warm. What?

Loretta's Looking Glass



THERE is a story that was inspired by the kind of a wife you are training to be. Some one asked the husband if his conjugal mate missed him much. And he made the illuminating reply: "No, she can throw as straight as I can."

You will be able to do that. You are qualifying for athletic equality now. And the pity of it is that you believe you are making yourself companionable by making yourself a good sportswoman. You have down deep under your devotion to athletics of all kinds, a notion that a man wants a wife who can "smash" a ball over a tennis net as well as he or get the globular ivory around the links in as few strokes.

The Companionship Idea

Oh! I should like to wring the neck that covers the larynx which vocalized the "companionship" idea. I would delight in perforating the cerebellum which conceived the notion that a girl, to be attractive to men, must be able to do manly things better than they. It's such

outrageous untruth. And girls are mistakenly supposing it is truth.

Exercise and plenty of it is a good thing. The competitive spirit injected into athletics is a source of the subtle sex-antagonism which we all seem bent upon breeding. A girl who plays a sufficiently good game of tennis to make the sport interesting has charm. But the girl who straddles and stomps and races and rolls, getting hot and damp, disheveled and dirty in the name of sport—is I will not call her names, because I have a lot of sympathy for her.

I wish I knew a way to cut off, at its very roots, the bad idea that a girl gains anything in the estimation of a man by beating him at his own game, if she becomes like him in the process. I know a girl who knows baseball. The man she loves loves the game. But I have never seen her—or what's more to the point—has never seen her, shed her womanliness in her enthusiasm for the sport. They have the companionship of a shared play-inter-

est; but she never loses a better companionship in its cultivation. A man likes a woman whose femininity is as obvious as his own masculinity. Think a moment—would you like a man who lost his manliness in his devotion to art? I can see your lip curl and your eyes flash scorn.

A Mental White Wings

You need to become a mental white wings. You should get in among your own ideas and dig and rake and sweep and comb till you have removed every trace of the notion that "companionship" is in doing and being like men. Then, you should turn mental gardener and cultivate the determination to grow real companionship.

Do not think so much of being an all-round sport. Be an all-round woman first. All the rest will take care of itself—except the trousseau. Of course, you will have to look after that.

NEWS OF THE CIVIL WAR

As Told in Daily
Dispatches Printed

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY

FIFTY years ago began the memorable struggle between the north and south known generally as the civil war.

Old newspapers of both northern and southern cities published during that stirring period have been searched and the war news and current reflection of public sentiment are presented from day to day as they appeared in each section at that time.

From the southland the dispatches are taken directly from the files of an old-time newspaper of Richmond, Va., and from the north the news is drawn from several sources, including files of old papers in several of the larger cities.

The Southern View

April 25, 1861 (Thursday)

It is stated that the works at Harper's Ferry, now in charge of the state of Virginia, are in active operation and manufacturing from 250 to 300 minnie rifles per day—to be distributed to the troops of the state. It is also stated that the Delaware state arms are in possession of the secessionists, and that the governor of Delaware has not responded to the requisition of the president, and will not.

Adverse Air Currents

Hinder Aeronaut Lowe

Lowe, the aeronaut, arrives in Columbia, S. C., en route from Cincinnati to Richmond. It appears that strong currents of air carried him far out of his course. He will probably make the rest of his journey by rail.

According to a Memphis paper, the following is reported to be the answer of Governor Rinder, of Arkansas, to Lincoln's requisition for volunteers: "You're received calling for a regiment of volunteers from Arkansas. Nary one—see you d-m-d first."

The Wilmington, N. C. Herald says: "There is a rumor in town that one of the up trains on the Wilmington and Meldon railroad, containing troops for Virginia, in crossing a bridge near Wilson, produced such an effect that the engineers and passengers were induced to make an examination. It was then discovered that some cold blooded scoundrel had sawed one of the timbers of the trestle work nearly in two, and that it was barely sustained by the iron bolts on either side. Tracks were discovered at the spot and dogs being produced they were traced to a house in the neighborhood, and a man being found guilty was hanged without delay."

Abolitionists Arrested

At Suffolk, Virginia

Two abolitionists are arrested and lodged in jail at Suffolk, Va. One is charged with obstructing the Seaboard railroad, and he is said to be playing truant with slaves. It is reported that negroes in the vicinity of Hampton and Old Point have been pressed into Fort Monroe at the pistol's mouth.

The Northern View

April 25, 1861 (Thursday)

The Sharpe Rifle Company, of Philadelphia, has announced its intention of refusing to sell any more arms to the south. Colonel Colt has also issued an open letter in which he says that his arms are for sale, first, to the state of Connecticut, next in preference to the United States government, but not at all for the south. Colonel Hazard, who operates one of the largest powder mills in the north, has also announced that he will sell no more powder to the confederacy until all hostilities have ceased.

N. Y. Steamer Catawba Seized at New Orleans

The steamship Catawba, of the New York Line, was seized by the authorities at New Orleans yesterday morning, and her cargo, which consisted chiefly of provisions, confiscated for the use of the confederacy.

A rumor from an authentic source has reached Washington to the effect that the Mexicans are getting up another guerilla warfare against the American citizens along the Rio Grande. The town of Romahas has been pillaged and burned, and many American families murdered. Brownsville is threatened, but as yet no hostile demonstration has been made in that direction. There are now 1000 federal troops in Texas abundantly supplied with provisions and the means of transportation. They are being rushed to the scene of the disturbances.

6000 Virginia Troops At Harper's Ferry

Reports from Harper's Ferry indicate that there are at present about six thousand Virginia troops stationed at that point, including several troops of cavalry and batteries of artillery. It is also learned that the attempt of the garrison to destroy all federal property before the arsenal was abandoned was only partially successful. The confederate forces succeeded in putting out the fire before many of the buildings were destroyed, and saved 4000 stands of arms and a large quantity of powder.

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

Mr. Peeved laid the package carefully on the library table and looked at it with a smile that was almost paternal. "What is it?" inquired Mrs. Peeved, curiously.

"It's a painting," explained her husband. "Not a daisy, a painting. I—er—picked it up at an auction sale in one of those big houses on the avenue, and I flatter myself, pretty, that I drew the prize of the collection. It's a Corot."

A Slight Correction

"Not Corrot," corrected Mrs. Peeved. "Cor-roh. I saw it in the questions and answer column of the Clavicle, Cor-roh."

"Oh, you don't say so?" retorted Mr. Peeved. "I expected something like that. I dig around and pick up a work of art that couldn't be duplicated in a year's search, and you try to take all the credit by splitting hairs over the author—over the artist's name. By George, madam, Corrot or Cor-roh, or Carrot, I picked it up, Mrs. Peeved, and I am going to let you have the honor of looking at a real Cor-roh."

He untied the string reverently, and Mrs. Peeved gazed.

"I don't say it's not a Cor-roh," she

'Twas His Fault; Or, Love Grown Cold

Her lips parted and met again, and again, and again, and there was considerable tongue play.

She was speaking.

"No, I do not love you any longer," she was saying to him, five syllabled tears of contemplation springing to her eyes and vaulting the bridge of her beautiful nose. "You have betrayed my confidence, and, though I love with you in your punishment, I love you no longer."

Incapable of speech he made a low sound and begged for forgiveness with his eyes.

"No, Fido," she said firmly. "The dog that chews up my spring hat forgets my love forever."

And she boxed his little ears.

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

"Half time came with the score standing:—
Ireland 1 goal
Scotland 1 goal
Result, Scotland, 2; Ireland, 1."
—Ireland Saturday Night.

"We can only suppose that Scotland pinched Ireland's goal when she wasn't looking. This is hardly playing the game.—Punch.

Lost Opportunities

"She had three proposals before she was twenty."
"And didn't accept any of them?"
"No. She said she was going to take her time."
"And what happened?"
"She is still taking it."

Reddy Smith On Smiles and Snuggles

Jimmie, I foun' out de reason why me Loidy in Black was so happy deadder day.

You know, Jimmie, I was tellin' you 'bout de troubles de senator's son was havin' wid his luv uh-fair. Well, if I'd uh ever thought dat me Loidy in Black was his sweetheart, b'ime, Jimmie, I'd uh giv' dem uh helpin' han'.

I was down at de adder en' uv de



square-shinin' Milligan's shoes when de senator's son, all smilin' an' happy lookin', comes thru de square. As he reaches de stature, me Loidy in Black, wearin' uh brown soot an' smilin' too, appears on de scene. Dey looks at each adder uh minnet, den he sez "Gussie!" an' she sez "Will!" an' dey rush at each adder, an' he grabs her in his arms an' kisses her. I near spoiled Milligan's new socks. I was so surprised. Den she grabs him by de arm an' sorter snuggles up close to him, an' dey comes back thru de square uh-gain, all smilin' an' happy, an' keepin' 'bout as close as dey can to each adder widout havin' people talk.

Gee, Jimmie, I'm glad dem two is in love.

Lines of Froth For Brain Fag

DIFFERENT

"They all are saying such mean things about me."
"Are they?"
"Yes."
"Does it make you feel bad?"
"It certainly does."
"I wouldn't mind. Everybody gets falsehoods spread about them once in awhile."
"Oh, but these things are the truth."

Determined

"She is going to be married."
"You surprise me!"
"Yes, she is."
"When?"
"Soon as she meets the man that she intends to marry and gets him to get her to consent."

Couldn't Resist

"I'll never speak to you again!" she declared, with indignation.
"And why not?" innocently inquired the man.
"And why not?" she replied, with her temper rising every minute. Then she went into a three hours' explanation to show she meant just what she said.

A Domestic Secret

"Why are the references presented by cooks so often unreliable?"
"I suppose," replied the timid housewife, "it's because we have to write them references in order to persuade them to leave peaceably."

Our Grocery Clerk Says He Loves Kids

Take it from the handsome edible dispenser, out of the mouth of babes there cometh much persuasion.

Thinking of eyes—I couldn't get that cashier out of my head with a stick of dynamite—reminds me of the boss' little deal in potatoes. He got a whole wagonload of new potatoes at a bargain and filled about fifty baskets with them.

"Watch 'em go like hot cakes," says the boss, and tucks up a sign. "Square deal. Lincoln's potatoes." He didn't fancy-purchase them at that, but somehow or other, customers refused to be square dealt.

So the boss added an extra line. "A new Lincoln penny given with each basket," and, well, you know what I said about the mouse of babes. Come on, kids, help mama shop!

Proof

"I understand that he is dishonest."
"Dishonest? Nonsense!"
"I heard he was."
"It is absurd. Why, he is as poor as Job's turkey."

